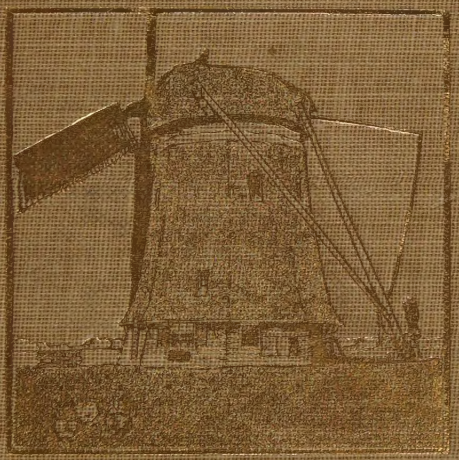
HOLLAND



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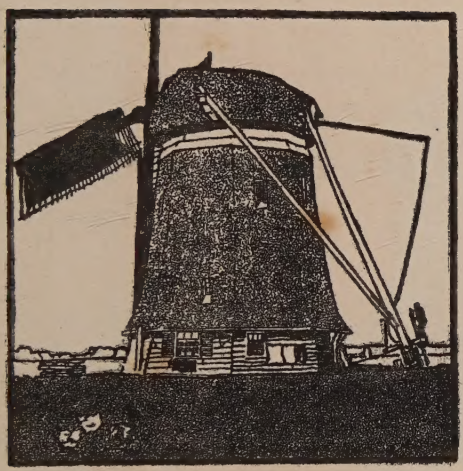
HOLLAND

HOLLAND

BY

EDWARD PENFIELD



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A
CHRISTMAS
at Café Spaander

A CHRISTMAS AT CAFÉ SPAANDER

INSLEY should have been at home. He had been working hard all summer in the little Dutch fishing village, but it had taken him until now to finish his pictures and get them together for his annual exhibition in London. The canvases were neatly tacked together, ready for the packing-boxes. He still might get to London in time for Christmas, if only Jan Hoorn would hurry; but Jan was conscientious, and, knowing he was to

receive a reasonable sum for the boxes, had decided to spend a reasonable time in doing them well. Insley would gladly have paid him double if it would hurry matters; but if our good Jan should receive twice as much, his Dutch conscience would have insisted on double the amount of labour. And so, where was the use? There wasn't any, and Insley knew it. "You can't hurry a Dutchman," said he, as he rammed his hands well into his pockets and walked up and down the main room of the Café Spaander.

During the summer, he and half a dozen fellow artists had made the

café their headquarters, and things had been jolly enough. In the evenings, after their day's work, these friends would sit at the little tables on the veranda, chatting over their coffee, or watching the incoming fishing boats, their great patched sails holding the evening light.

But the last of these men had left some time ago, and this, together with the knowledge that on the other side of the Channel an English Christmas awaited him, had robbed the place of its charm. It was indeed cheerless enough; the chairs were piled upon all the tables, with the exception of one near the little square-paned window, through

which, beyond the red-tiled cottages opposite, one caught a glimpse of a patch of leaden sky, and a gray, flat, wind-swept country. Occasional pedestrians, in their loose garments, hurried along the dyke with a great clacking of sabots. It was a time of quiet preparation. The boats were tied up at the quay for the holidays, and many of the daughters of the village, who were away in Amsterdam as maids, would soon be home.

As Insley stood, looking out of the window, trying to bring his philosophy to bear on the present predicament, he noticed Pietje, a girl of seventeen, whom he had used as

a model during the summer, pass by. Most of his models had been the children of the fishermen, for whom he had formed a fondness, but Pietje had found her way into many of his pictures, and when she was not posing she kept the children in order for him and was useful in many ways. She was tall and erect ; her cheeks were as red as apples : and her complexion rivalled that of many girls he had known in London. What he liked about her most was her frank way of looking at him, out of those big clear eyes.

Ordinarily the appearance of Pietje did not arouse any musings on the part of the artist, but to-day anything

to fasten his mind upon was a relief. He noticed that she wore a small blue muffler about her neck, and he thought, "It must be raw indeed when Pietje wears that. She does not look as happy as usual; I wonder what can be the trouble!" With these musings, he watched her pass on down the dyke and turn off toward her grandmother's house, where she lived with her younger sister Katrina, a child of four years or thereabouts.

Turning around and pacing the room, the artist felt things more depressing than before. He lit a cigarette and stood a moment, then, putting on his great coat, he left the

café, and was soon before the door of Pietje's home. Her sabots lay outside, and following the custom of the village, he entered without knocking.

Pietje was seated near the fireplace, while her grandmother was bending over the little bog fire, preparing the coming meal. Against a table, which was littered with brass and copper kettles and blue china, stood Katrina, her fingers entangled in a short, blue, worsted muffler. She eyed Insley quietly and sadly as he entered.

"Hello!" said he, "what's the trouble here?" Pietje answered for her.

"Kris Kringle is not coming to sister this year."

"What—has she been a bad girl? More tricks on her grandmother?"

"No, no," broke in Katrina, the tears beginning to glisten on her eyelashes, "I have been good all the week, haven't I, grandma? I have really been very, very good, but Pietje says Kris Kringle won't come this year—I don't see why. He is going to the other children, why won't he come to me? I hope he will see how good I have been and come, but Pietje says 'No.'"

"The fishing boats have not done as well this year, and brother Nico has not had his usual luck," added the older sister.

Insley understood that this meant

scanty living for the family until the fishing revived in the spring. He

Nico.

picked Katrina up in his arms to comfort her, and could not help smiling, as he looked into her chubby

face and tearful eyes, to see there the innocent belief in the old Saint who helps us to make a fairy-land of our childhood.

"Have you ever seen Kris, Herr Insley?" she said.

"Not for a very long time—but suppose I did, what would you like me to say to him for you?"

"Oh, if you should see him, tell him I want a dolly with real hair, and eyes that open and shut. Grandma says I will soon let it fall on the bricks of the dyke, but I am a big girl now, and nothing will happen to it."

"Well, now," said Insley, "suppose you and I just sit down here

in the corner and write a little note to Kris, and to-morrow I will see if he can't be found."

Katrina.

According to Katrina, who should certainly know, Kris was to be found in Amsterdam at this season of the

year ; and on the following morning Insley started out in that direction along the canal.

A mist was blowing in from the Zuyder Zee, softening the outlines of the huge windmills, and glistening on the pavement. Boatmen passed him from time to time, pulling their unwieldy craft, and the cabin of one was filled with a merry lot of girls who waved their greetings to him. The spirit of Christmas was taking a very rosy and tangible form.

Amsterdam is certainly an ideal place for a person of Kris Kringle's picturesque tendency, and on arriving there, Insley started at once to deliver Katrina's "note."

Not finding the venerable Saint, on account of the busy season, he had to be content with divers active agents, who marvelled at the Englishman's enthusiasm, and probably at the size of his family.

At all events, on the following day, the one before Christmas, a huge bundle addressed to Insley, was delivered at the Café Spaander. Coincident with this, a most wonderful notice appeared on the lamp-post opposite. It stated, in bold characters, that "all the children of the village were invited to assemble on the dyke, by the big fog-bell, at half of seven (six-thirty) on Christmas morning, to see Kris Kringle

come up from the sea, bringing with him presents for all." At the end, with a great flourish was nothing less than the Good Saint's own signature.

It was not long before a little group of loiterers gathered before the notice, and with incredulous glances, read it over and over. Then others came and read and passed on; mothers repeated it carefully to their children, and they, in round-eyed amazement at the mystery of it all, hastened to impart the news to their little comrades. Insley had not been idle, either, and, a few of the elders having been informed of the nature of the plan, by evening

every one knew of Kris Kringle's proposed visit.

Christmas morning was very thick. The fog-bell was ringing dolefully, and children were hurrying from all quarters. Before the appointed time every child had arrived, and was peering anxiously out into the fog for some sign of the Saint.

"Would he really come? Did he ever come like this before?"

"P'rhaps he won't be able to find us in this fog," said little Jacob Winkle; "my papa had to lay outside for two whole days, once."

"Hoh! he knows," said a rosy-cheeked urchin who had but recently

come from a neighbouring village, "what I'm afraid of is that he won't know we're all here."

At last a dim red light began to glow faintly out at sea, spreading and deepening with each moment, tingeing the fog and the sea with crimson, and throwing a ruddy glow on the objects along the dyke. It grew brighter and brighter, drifting in slowly over the water, lighting up the harbour, and shining on the crowd of anxious little faces, all turned toward the wonderful vision. Soon the outline of a boat could be discerned, the red light now burning brightly on the iron fender at the bows. "See!—See! There he is,"

EDWARD
PENFIELD

cried a hundred small voices; and Kris, clothed in red, with a long white beard, was standing before the mast, beside his big bundle, slowly waving his hands and bowing to the crowd of children.

The excitement was intense, all trying to get a better view of his face. As the boat made its way alongside the dyke, the children crowded forward. "No, they must not do that, else he cannot get off." Older hands kept them back, and Kris Kringle, gathering his big cloak about him, jumped ashore. Nico followed with the bag, and placing it on his shoulders, Kris gave a jolly laugh and started toward the café,

followed by the clatter of two hundred little sabots.

He entered the long low room and took his position on a platform that had been arranged for him at one end. The children crowded about and were kept in line by their elders. Each one came forward with round, wondering eyes, and received a present, with some kind word to allay his fears. When it came Katrina's turn, Kris first looked at Pietje, who held her wee hand, and then at the little one. Diving into his bag, he gave her a present and then, reaching far down in his pocket, brought out a big doll, with real hair and eyes that opened and shut!

CAFÉ SPAANDER

Somehow or other that day Insley's sense of the cheerlessness of the Café Spaander seemed to have disappeared.

HOLLAND FROM THE STERN OF A BOEIER

HOLLAND FROM THE STERN OF A BOEIER

ALONG the quay in the busy harbour of Rotterdam, the quaint Dutch boats are crowded, creaking rhythmically with the rise and fall of the water, side by side, stern to rudder-post, jostling one another in a great confusion of picturesque lines and gay carvings. At all the little cabin windows are clean lace curtains, and on the deck, brass and copper pots are drying in the sun. Hanging from spars and ropes, the family wash flutters its

many hues against the windy sky. Chubby, red-cheeked children climb in and out of the cabin doors, or press their round noses against the tiny window panes. The women gossip in the sun, or clatter around in pursuit of their household duties, while the men lounge about, with their hands in the pockets of their baggy breeches, and through clouds of tobacco smoke survey this scene of nomadic housekeeping with phlegmatic content.

My object was to find a boat to take me through the canals and across the Zuyder Zee to Friesland. Certainly here were boats enough for an invading army ; but how, in the

name of Neptune, was I to strike the bargain, with barely enough Dutch with which to order breakfast? As I stood pondering this weighty matter, the quaintness and charm of the scene

We were sailing through the heart of the dairy country.

was becoming more and more insistent, so that finally I began to jot down a few notes at random, like a greedy boy in a jam closet taking a hurried taste of each preserve. "Let

the shoemaker stick to his last," thought I, "the potter to his wheel," and the artist to his mooning; with which sage musing I gradually forgot my troubles and rested my full weight on Providence.

The sound of many sabots coming nearer and nearer soon warned me of a deepening interest on the part of the loungers, and on looking about I saw a semicircle of stolidly curious faces, each face wreathed with tobacco smoke and each pair of steel-blue eyes fixed intently upon my note-book. There may be some heroic souls who enjoy that sort of thing. However, I assumed a look of sweet-tempered complacency, and went to

work again. Soon I felt a warm breath at my ear and then a chin was rested confidingly on my shoulder. At this critical juncture my Muse mocked me and fled, and I turned with a wooden smile and saw a weather-beaten old face, with a fringe of sparse whiskers around it. A kindly face, too, and so far as it could express anything whatever, there was admiration and consuming curiosity. "Mooi! mooi!" he said, and as that means "good" in Dutch, I felt myself growing stronger. Then, praised be the Patron Saint of Travellers! he spoke to me in English. A very quaint and Gothic English, it is true, but infinitely

better than my Dutch. It soon developed that he had picked up his English on his frequent trips to London with cargoes of eels; that it was his boat which I had been trying to hand down to a doubtful posterity, and that she was now loaded with a cargo of clay bound for Friesland. "Yes, there was room for a passenger," and "we sail any time to-day." "Any time to-day!" How delightfully Dutch! Every one has time to talk and smoke, and no one is ever in a hurry. For a life of elegant leisure, commend me to Holland.

Early that afternoon the great brown sail was hoisted and our tubby boat waddled through the

lock, into the placid canal, and out into the country. How fresh and clean and flat it was, and how vividly green was the grass! It usually rains twenty days in the month, but this was one of the bright exceptions, and there was a brisk wind blowing fresh from the rim of the ocean. The canals, little and big, ran in every direction, one moment sparkling brilliantly in the sun and the next obscuring under the soft gloom of a racing cloud-shadow. Here and there in the distance, the arms of a windmill were silently whirling, and occasional red-tiled roofs made a lovely note of colour above their encircling trees.

A brick roadway ran along by the canal that we travelled, and I was constrained to make an occasional note of the people and traffic that passed to and from the town. I don't know why, but all the men seemed preternaturally grave. They were dressed—in many instances it would be more correct to say that they were patched—in blue and brown, with an occasional admixture of red. Holland is certainly the land of artistic patches. Take, for instance, our very worthy captain ; a thrifty man, and prosperous, with a neat sum tucked away. Yet, see his shirt ! Patched and re-patched—and patched again, in varying shades of

red and brown, until it has been completely metamorphosed. As to the original colour, no man knoweth, but here is a wonderful mosaic of soft tones, put together with infinite skill and patience. It is, moreover, still in a state of evolution, for the process may go on indefinitely. I take it that the purchase of a new shirt is a solemn rite, and not to be entered upon with indecent haste or thoughtlessness. Here is a prospective heirloom, and one's children's children may gaze with pride upon it. And yet Barney O'Toole, whose specialty is mortar, and who possesses nothing save a numerous progeny and a very doubtful insurance policy,

would flee in terror at the thought of wearing it.

The women are not nearly so solemn, or so be-patched as the men, and they seem to be waging an incessant warfare against dirt and rust; scrubbing pots and pans at the backs of the quaint little houses, scrubbing the door-sills and steps in front; and we passed one over-zealous soul, scrubbing a weather-beaten fence as if it were the one ambition of her life.

Here comes a cart at a brisk pace, drawn by a dog so small as to be ridiculously out of proportion to his burden. Patient little slaves and too often abused! Not infrequently the

driver perches himself on the top of an already heavy load and uses his whip with an animation that would much better be employed elsewhere.

Occasionally we passed curiously

Patient little slaves.

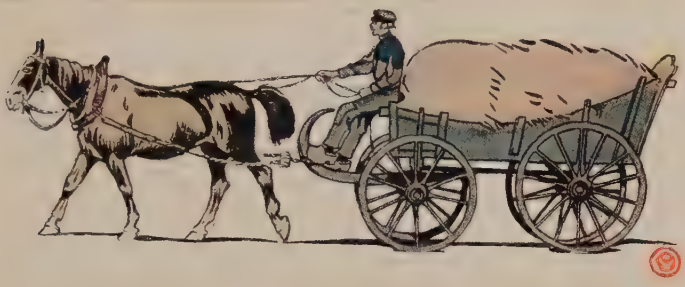
fashioned wagons drawn by heavy, slow-moving horses. These wagons have no shafts. In their stead is a big rudder-like affair in front, with which the driver steers. Quite a nautical arrangement, this, and sug-

gests a possible recourse to the water, when the roadbed grows irksome.

So through the bright afternoon we sailed, and on through the lingering purple twilight, until we seemed to be the only moving things in all the wide landscape. The traffic on the roadway had ceased; the restless arms of the windmills were stilled; the herds of cattle were contentedly chewing their cuds in the home fields, and lowing softly through the dusk, while a belated milkmaid, as she finished her evening task, crooned a sweetly simple folk-song.

We moored for the night beside the roadway, and I lay on the deck industriously burning tobacco, and

listening to the sibilant noises of the wind in the grass and the rigging. I saw the twinkling lights in the farm-houses disappear one by one, and I felt the indescribable hush that settles over a sleeping country. But



Quite a nautical arrangement.

hark! what is that softly musical gurgle from the direction of the companion-way? It is the captain, pouring a libation to the Great God Neptune, and incidentally, guarding against malaria. O all-wise

captain ! I will haste and follow thy example.

I was aroused next morning by the clattering of the sabots on the deck above my head, and turned out just in time to see a man in a stubby little boat, deliver our morning supply of milk. He made quite a picture in his faded blue coat and baggy brown breeches ; with his milk-pans in the bow of the boat ; one white with wide blue bands about it, and the other copper, of a most beautiful design.

It was another fine day, and we were soon under sail, with a cracking breeze at our backs. Everything glistened with dew, the roofs of the

farm buildings shining in the early sun as if freshly rained upon. The great sail bellied in the wind and the water curled merrily back from the blunt nose of the "Boeier." We were sailing through the heart of the dairy country, past the wide fields, whose insistent greenness was now broken by great patches of buttercups, shining like gold in the freshness of the morning; past herd upon herd of black-spotted cattle grazing; past groups of milkmaids, whose rosy freshness was good to look upon, and brawny picturesque chaps, carrying pails of foamy milk suspended from yokes across their big shoulders. A boat loaded down with sweet-smelling

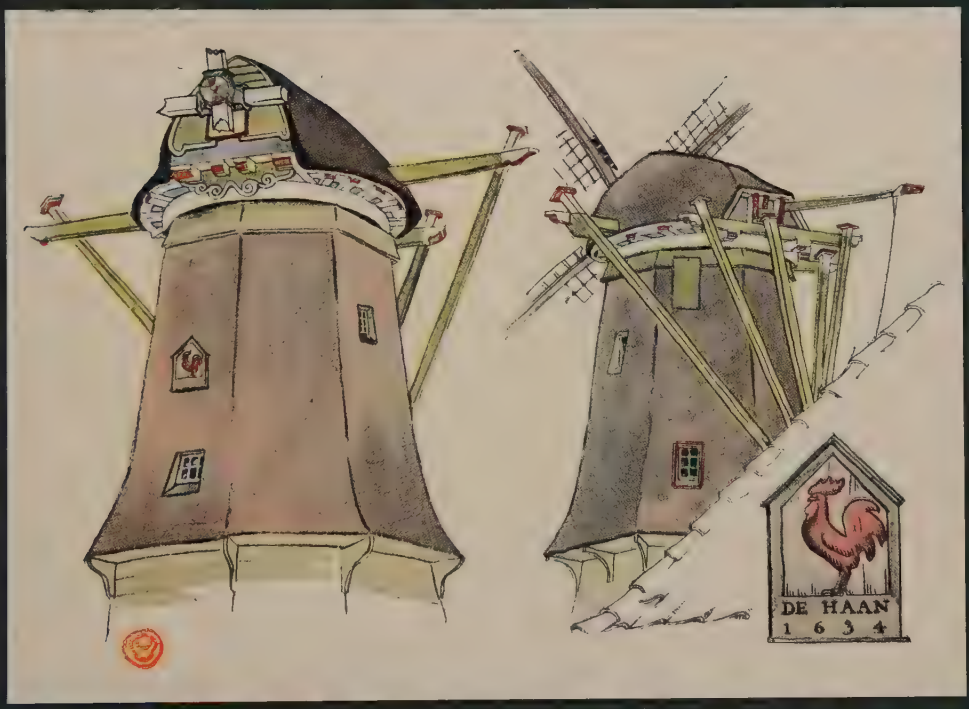
cheeses was towed slowly by, against the wind. And always the same flat distance, with little clusters of red roofs and wind-blown limes. The farm buildings, almost without exception, have high pyramidal-shaped roofs, the main building serving the double purpose of dwelling and barn. But as the stable is kept immaculately clean, this is not as unpleasant as it would seem at first glance.

Presently, away up the shining canal a town appears, its red roofs and church spires nestling in the trees. We soon approached one of the many little bridges that span the canals in the towns, and the captain inflated himself and blew a fierce blast

upon a tin horn. The bridge was raised by the stolid keeper, who, as we passed, lowered a green sabot, attached by a string to a short fish-pole, into which quaint receptacle we dropped our toll. The bridges are worked by an ingenious arrangement of weights, and when we were past, the keeper simply climbed upon the slanting structure, and by the addition of his own weight, brought it back in position. This was a beautiful little town, and as we stopped there several days, I had a good opportunity to study its quaint charm. Many of its buildings were very old, the tablet upon one of them being dated 1628, and I have no doubt that

some were older still. One cannot but admire these beautiful examples of brick-work, the lines and colours of which have been so deftly softened by time : nothing jars, nothing is out of harmony ; a perfect adjustment of space and proportion, and withal, so cosily home-like. The early Dutch settlers in New Amsterdam undoubtedly built in this fashion and it takes little imagination to picture Broadway at the Bowling Green as it was 250 years ago.

By reason of my clothes, I attracted considerable attention from the small boys, who mistook me for an Englishman. They followed me about in pestiferous little groups, occasionally


DE HAAN
1634

enlivening the tedium of things by singing "Long live the Boers."

Now I have no special objection to the Boers living to a ripe old age, but I did most decidedly object to having publicity forced upon me; so I straightway purchased a little Dutch cap and a pair of "Klompen" (sabots). These I donned, together with a sadly patched shirt which I bought from the captain, and went my way unmolested. The sabots are most sensible things to walk in, by the way, much cooler than leather shoes, and quite "dry."

At about this time, in a fervour of patriotism, I purchased an American flag—at least it was sold to me as

such. They must have been pretty nearly out of stripes when they made it, for it was "shy" several, and the lovely azure in the corner was liberally sprinkled with four-cornered stars. This masterpiece I finally persuaded the captain to hang, after a heated argument.

I was beginning to feel quite at home in the little town, when we again got under sail, and beneath a leaden and threatening sky made our way slowly towards the north. We had passed a great many windmills, little and big, on our previous voyaging, but now we came into the windmill country, where they stood crowded together on the canal banks,

so close that their great arms almost touched as they revolved. Saw-mills and grist-mills and mills for pumping the water ; old mills and new, and mills that have gone out of commission and have been superseded by the ugly brick power-house with its towering chimney.

In the construction of these mills they generally hold to one pattern—the original one, evidently. The dull thatched body is relieved by green woodwork and striped with red and white. They are most beautiful in their lines, and on the front of each, where the arms attach, there is usually some fanciful carving, gaudily painted. Some of the mills bear tablets, show-

ing that they were built in the seventeenth century. I made studies of one in particular, called "De Haan" (the cock), dated 1634, which is a very good average example. The sails that are stretched over the wings or arms are generally stained some soft red, or green or brown, for the practical purpose of preserving them from the weather, for I do not believe a Dutchman ever strives for the picturesque. In the detailed study they have been purposely omitted, so as to show the decorations around the upper part.

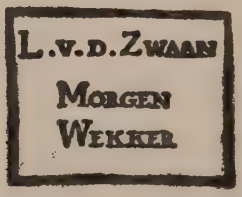
At last we sailed out of the canal into the muddy, brown waters of the Zuyder Zee; the wind, which was

blowing half a gale, drove a fine mist before it, and after contemplating the white-capped tumult of the "Zee," which stretched out before us, vast and menacing, I turned and looked longingly at the fast-receding shore, on which a solitary windmill loomed huge and ghostly through the mist. We passed many boats laden with merchandise, close reefed and with glistening decks. The fishing boats all bore a number and the initial of the home port on their patched canvas, and the sailors were the most picturesque beings I had seen in all Holland.

We arrived in Friesland wet, but happy, and at Leeuwarden, the desti-

nation of our cargo of clay, I packed my cap, sabots, and patched shirt, and bade the captain farewell.

In passing through the narrow, crooked little streets of Leeuwarden I chanced upon a sign that held my attention and compelled thought. It read :



This is faultless Dutch for Morning Waker, and it signifies that L. v. d. Zwaan will, for a paltry sum, leave his bed in the frosty hours of early morning, and putting sweet sleep behind him, arouse his slumberous

clients. Truly, a worthy calling! Yet, tell me, ye who are versed in occult things, who or what, in this somnolent land, wakes the Morgen Wekker?

AMSTERDAM
Impressions

A Side-Street

Isle of Marken

AMSTERDAM IMPRESSIONS

A SIDE-STREET

YOU will not have any difficulty in finding the Dam, with the Queen's Palace for its main building, and rising back of it, the Oude Kirk, tinking out the quarter-hours with bells of sixteenth-century make, time softened, with notes blending and harmonizing like the colours of an old brocade; but, if you wish to see one of the old streets of Amsterdam, such as the burgo-masters traversed before making that

tempestuous voyage to settle New Amsterdam, or which were the home and inspiration of Van Dyke or De Hooge, you will have to put your guide book on one side and strike out boldly for yourself. You may accomplish this (as I did, for instance) by becoming lost in the maze of winding streets, and then finding your way back to your hotel. And now that I am safely out of it, my pleasantest recollections are of one morning spent in a little side-street which ran between two canals and led down to the water front. The way was narrow, sometimes leading across little bridges over the canals, where sturdy boatmen were pushing

their heavily laden boats through the water-ways—with their shoulder firmly set against the knob at the end of their long pole, how they can push!

Upon the buildings the flavour of two centuries hung heavily. Little bequirled gables, gaily coloured tablets and quaint scrolls set in brickwork of bygone days, formed the façade of the little houses, and the square-paned sashes of the neat windows always seemed as if they had just been painted. Beams, sometimes fancifully carved, jutted from the gables overhead like so many threatening gallows.[1]

[1] A Dutch cellar is a damp affair at the best, and these beams are used to hoist supplies, such as fuel, potatoes, &c., to the general store-room, which is directly under the roof and corresponds to our attic.

With their own ideas of the perpendicular, some of the houses leaned this way and some that, like so many drunken Dutchmen; others were moderately straight and sober half way up, and then took a hazardous topple until one wondered what unrecorded law of nature kept them from falling over. Conscientious brickwork and good mortar, I venture, is largely responsible for their existence. As I stood in front of one of them, bearing a tablet of 1507, I peered into its half-open door. My imagination supplied the leaded glass front (which is now replaced by a more modern sash) and hanging from the rafters were

models of ancient craft. Before me rose the form of Hendrik Hudson in serious and stolid council with the members of the West India Trading Company, fitting out the *Half Moon* for her voyage of discovery, little dreaming they were forming the opening wedge for the founding of New York.

It seems strange to me that some historical society has not transported one of these houses to our shores, to mark the most picturesque phase of our existence. They are small and could be sawed in sections and set up exactly as they stand. What an addition one would be to the historical interest of New York! We

have not one example of the old Dutch house, such as was reared on the Battery and greeted the eyes of Stuyvesant when he landed. Ours were built after the pattern of the Amsterdam houses, where the sturdy burgomasters hailed from, and I hope these few words may impress some patriotic historical society, which has in its coffers substance that may otherwise be invested in a statue of the Central Park variety. But to return to our side-street.

Little, sweet-smelling bake-shops were passed, tiled from floor to ceiling; trays and scales of copper and brass shining like gold, lent to the cheerfulness of the interior and formed

a setting for the red-cheeked girl in freshly starched cap, who sold and served. Stopping in one particularly attractive "Cremerie," I ordered a cup of "chocolade" and a sandwich of "brod en Kaase"; and as I sat and supped, I saw more rosy-cheeked maids in sabots (the one in the "cremerie" wore big velvet slippers) scrubbing with mop and broom everything they could lay their hands on. The brass-bedecked green door was being polished, and the brick pavement which had turned gray and green in spots from two centuries of dampness, was receiving another coat of water. The clatter of sabots sounded the passing of pedestrians.

A weather-beaten boatman went by, followed by a market-woman in her bulging skirts, then a girl, sweet and demure, who looked as if she was part of the Middle Ages, when people went about dressed like checker-boards. Her costume was black on the right side and the left was scarlet, with the exception of the sleeve, which was black.

The serving girl spoke "vaar leetle Englais," but I managed to make out that it was the costume of the Amsterdam orphan, from "Ze Charity School." This costume was given to this institution in the fourteenth century and has been preserved to the present day. "Some

Eengleeshman, he say 'half-orphan,' but it ees not so," volunteered my informant. When I thought of the red part of that costume, it was certainly difficult to imagine its wearer a full-fledged orphan.

The time came for me to pay my bill (which was surprisingly small), and I went out into the street. The chimes were telling me that I was near the "Dam," and I turned my steps in that direction. At a crossing I had to pause, for a crowd was blocking the way. I learned that the Queen was expected, and I waited to see her, wondering why she should pick out this little side-street for her drive. She soon came

by, in a carriage very much like our victoria, and followed by a hundred or more mounted guards with swords clanking at their horses' sides. I have heard it said that the Dutch love their Queen, but a surly and ill-mannered crowd it was that stood about. Hats were not removed generally, and some of her subjects whistled as she passed. I was sorry, for she looked mild and sweet, and rather pale as she sat and bowed from right to left.

THE ISLE OF MARKEN

A LITTLE steamer lay, bumping and tugging restlessly at its float, back of the big railway station at Amsterdam.

As if she was impatient to be off on her journey, the steam had forced its way through the safety-valve and sent up a cloud of angry, sputtering vapour to meet a morning sky filled with wind-blown clouds. The last of the passengers, a group of tourists, came hurrying down the gang plank, grabbing frantically at their cameras, lunch packages, and heavy wraps; and after the old, weather-beaten captain had seen to it that they were all well on board and nothing left behind, he shook hands with two wooden-shoed cronies on the string-piece and pulled the cord of the shrieking, piercing whistle. The engine pumped and churned as she left the landing-

place, and, passing through the lock, plunged her nose into the angry, splashing yellow waves of the Zuyder Zee, and was on her way to the isle, or, to be more correct, the isles of Marken. This is the trip of trips, for the visitor to Holland. Every one you meet advises Marken ; the gold-braided hotel porter advises Marken, the posters in the streets proclaim Marken—and rightly so, for it takes you out into the country, away from modern influences, and lands you in an atmosphere of unadulterated Dutch-ness.

The tourists had hardly had time to make themselves comfortable on the quarter-deck before the tall, bare

masts of the fishing fleet of these amphibious islands showed themselves on the horizon. Before long, the

A group of the islanders were waiting to greet the excursionists.

engine slowed down and the little steamer entered the breakwater and glided noiselessly to the landing-place.

A group of the islanders were waiting to greet the excursionists, in their gaily coloured costumes, which they have religiously clung to through all the disturbing influences of Fashion, that irritating, relentless, and arbitrary mistress of modern life. Here she has found no listeners, and the omnipresent advance agent of modern vagaries of the beautiful has not ventured. With their high-crowned hats and loose baggy breeches to the knee, the men, one and all, had their hands pushed well down into their roomy pockets, and viewed the approach with a calculating and sober air. The women's caps were red crowned, with a piece of lace in front. Their hair,

which was very blonde, was worn in two long curls, one hanging down each side of the face, and a stiff, stubborn little bang curling out from under the head-dress like the visor of a cap. I must hesitate at a description of the waist, as it was made up of so many parts that I have lost myself in its mysteries; but the general impression is that of red sleeves and highly coloured and striking patterns of green, red, or brown about the body. The skirts were the bulgy kind, as is found all over Holland, and the feet were encased in wooden "shoon" like those of the men. Their hands, which were not small, seemed to bother them, how-

ever, for they had no pockets to hide them in, and seemed to solve the problem by going about in twos and threes, tightly grasping each other's hands. How crudely Dutch they were, and how far away from everything modern!

The iron steamer was the only jarring note of an overstrung civilisation, and that was being left behind, as the party stepped ashore and followed their captain through the group of curiously dressed people, who returned their looks of astonishment. Over small bridges the little black tarred houses of the islands, with their red-tiled roofs, were soon reached, the casings of the small, square-paned

windows and doors contrasting beautifully white against the blackened walls. Green doors, and here and there a red-striped green shutter lent colour to the scheme, and some of the doorways were relieved with the emblem of a ship painted in black, above them, with the date of the building arranged on either side. The captain stopped to explain that the occupants were often "much wealthy," living a simple life, far away from the vanities of this foolish world, with no expenditure except for the necessities of life, and that a lucrative fishing trade constantly, through generations, added to the family strong box. It was found by exploring, that many a modest

exterior held articles of *virtu*, which many collectors would like to possess. The floors were covered with china matting, much heavier than the usual kind, and scrubbed very clean. It is the custom among the people to leave their shoes outside when they enter, walking on the matting in their heavily stockinged feet ; and no doubt the cleanly Marken housewife has many qualms as the tourist, unacquainted with the custom, knocks at her door for admission. The fine linen is kept in Flemish oak chests, some of them heavily carved ; and the beds, which are in the wall, are usually covered with gaily coloured spreads and pillow-cases, embroidered in con-

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ventional designs, somewhat resembling a sampler of earlier days. About the blue-tiled fireplaces were hung the well-burnished brass and copper utensils for cooking, for the Dutch house has but one main room, serving as it does for drawing-room, kitchen, and bedroom. One fire cooks the food and furnishes warmth and cheer for the household. Delft plates adorned the rafters and shelves overhead, and the flour barrel, coffee-mill, and other homely things were usually arranged in a little shrine beside the oaken chest.

It is said that the wily Jew leaves a collection of "antiques" at the houses most visited by tourists, and

collects his share from the apparently simple occupant, and that the treasure hunter, bent on his mission of "picking up" rare and old pieces, often finds that it is he himself who has been "picked up"; so beware!

On the brick pavement outside, the privacy of the islanders was being disturbed by camera fiends vainly following up a good subject, who in turn had decided objections to being photographed and adroitly vanished in a doorway while the amateurs were trying to fix him in the finder.

In time the steamer's whistle sounded a warning note, and the tourists made a general move toward the landing place, leaving the islanders

to resume their peaceful lives. Three little maids came down the previously invaded street with clasped hands; their throats were straight and they walked erect, almost boyish in their strength and simplicity. A fisherman emerged from an alley-way, wearing a nor'wester of yellow oilskin. Funnel-like arrangements on his ankles to keep the water out of his wooden "shoon" gave him that touch of Dutch clumsiness, which distinguished him from his English-speaking brother.

Once more an atmosphere of tranquillity threw its mantle over the households of the thrifty islanders, as the hurrying tourists departed on their vibrating iron steamer, which, when it

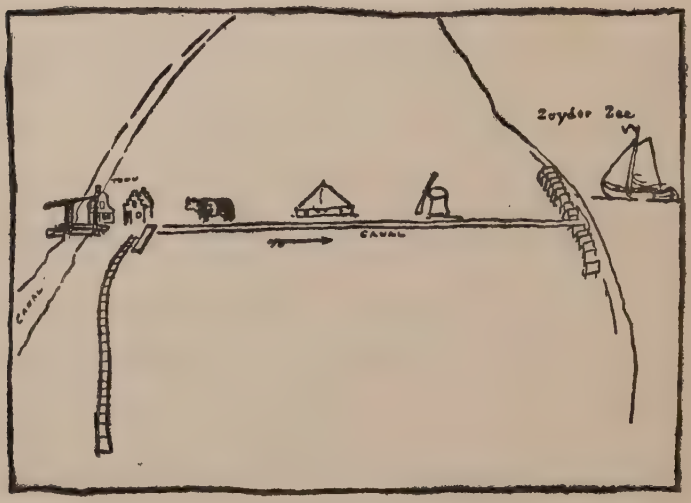
left the bay in a cloud of purple steam, strongly contrasted with the tubby boats of the fishermen, lazily rocking and creaking, content to wait for favourable winds and tides.

The
MAGENTA
VILLAGE

THE MAGENTA VILLAGE

A HALTING jolt, then a rattle, and the steam tram came to the end of its journey. The engineer swung from his engine and looked it over, as a man full of distrust. The passengers gathered up their belongings and filed out on the station platform, and I stood and watched them disappear through the various streets and byways of the town until the last one was out of sight. What a fine thing it is to know just where one is going! Such a sense of

security—with none of the hesitation and uncertainty that seized me, as I stood there and from my inside coat pocket drew a map that described a



The map

certain fishing village on the rim of the Zuyder Zee. It was made for me with all good intentions by a friend one night at dinner when I

first contemplated Holland, but it seemed now so hopelessly inadequate. There was the railroad over which we had just travelled plainly marked with step-ladder ties, leading to the town where I now stood, but how to find the path beside which stood the amiable cow was not plain. I looked about for the patient animal to guide me in my perplexity, but there was none. All I could see were small, neatly kept houses, fantastically built of brick and tile. A little wooden bridge painted copper green, with an occasional scroll about its upper works, stretched across a quiet canal, and farther on a great gray windmill swung its long arms about to the wheezing

music of a sawmill. I forgot the map for a moment and crossed the bridge and was soon dreaming on the banks of the canal. The houses grew more home-like and smaller, and I spread out my heavy coat, sat down on the grassy banks, and was soon lost in a drawing of the opposite shore.

The little houses were of various kinds, some storehouses for cheese and others the homes of the people, but all of them very old, having settled here and there slightly, enough to give a wavering line of beauty to all.

One was unusually amusing, and so strongly reflected the characteristics of its occupants. It was a wide house (for Holland) and had been divided

down the centre. The owner on one side had allowed his portion to remain as it was originally built, with the

The divided house.

leaded glass window-frames and heavy hewn timbers about the Dutch door, while his neighbour, a more precise

man, had shown his lack of poetry by modern doors and windows, fitted to the old-time walls ; and with all respect to his over-zealous nature, I much preferred the old side. What history and lineage the little square leaded panes brought to one and how I would have loved to rummage through the garret !

The beating of a gong echoing through the quiet street brought me from my reveries, and I looked up to see a decorous old fellow standing out in the middle of the copper-green bridge. As the last sounds died away and he was confident of the attention of every one, he announced in a sing-song way the news of the day—the

town-crier. The day was advancing surely.

I reluctantly picked up my belongings and looked again for the path of the placid cow, and it was noon before I found any one who could direct me.

As I was to follow a narrow canal several miles through the open country before I reached my destination, I dropped into a coffee-house to prepare myself. The stupid woman there gave me no end of trouble, for she could not understand the few Dutch words that I depended most upon and hid herself behind a counter in the farther end of the room. I must have said something outrageous, but in all inno-

cence. Finally, I drew a picture of a sandwich and coloured the slice of cheese (which I made thick) between the bread most realistically and walked back to the lady. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "brood en kaas," and brought me what I have always innocently called a sandwich. The cup of chocolate was easily ordered, and with this simple and light repast, I was soon out in the sunshine, striding over the little brick pavement winding along the canal, in long sweeps through flat country, with here and there rows of small trees. How fine it was to be out in the soft wind, sweetened by the bruised herbage of the fields! It was early afternoon;

the new green of spring lingered on the long-bladed grass, and the wind, blowing over the low stretches of flat land, bent the long points down, pricking circlets in the rippling water.

Black spotted cattle—solid good-natured beasts—turned their heads, and the grass seemed all the more green in contrast with their markings. Ahead, a farmhouse raised its long sloping roof of tiles, patched here and there with thatch and ornamented by a decorated device of two swans. The doors and window-blinds were fantastically painted and the little square window-panes shone in white sashes that seemed to have been painted only yesterday. Trees stood about the

house like guards, forming a screen for the ever-blowing wind.

The path kept on, over little bridges and past a gray old windmill with a hand-hewn framework of heavy timbers, that swung its heavy lazy wings with soft creakings, a veritable challenge to any Don Quixote who might chance that way. Here was an opportunity to see how a windmill was sailed, for the old keeper, dressed in snuff brown, short coat, and Dutch cap, was perched upon a large wheel at the back of the mill—like the tiller of a ship—turning it by his own weight, until by the pull of the ropes he was able to swing the huge wings around where the wind "took

hold." What an amphibious country, with windmills sailed like boats! And when one thinks of the Dutch bed in the wall, so resembling the "bunks" in a ship's cabin, one would almost think that the early builders of Holland came there on sailing craft and built their dykes around them.

Past the windmill came a boat pulled by one man, leaning heavily against a harness-like arrangement at the end of a long hawser (I suspected he must have been the captain) while his mate ran behind pushing and steering the little cabin craft with a long pole. Primitive? Yes, but so quietly quaint, as the crew

with long, measured strides passed, with their load of lace-capped women and sober men, on their journeyings. I used this boat many times afterward, when I was able to master its time-table, and I shuddered lest some cold, calculating corporation should come and count the passengers and erect a rattling, banging trolley over all this quiet loveliness.

The village at last showed itself in a soft haze—a line of pointed roofs lining themselves up behind the dyke that holds the great splashing sea out of the lowlands. They reflected their red roofs in the gently swirling current, and an array of wash fluttering like banners overhead made one feel like

a victorious warrior entering his native town, as the wooden steps were mounted that led to the top of the dyke. One look at the endless sea, then a turn down the dyke. This formed the main street of the village —on one side the small houses of the fishermen peeped over at the Zuyder Zee, while on the other, fisher-boats rocked at their moorings. Fisherboys were furling sails, straightening out ropes, and filling water-casks, while others sat on spars and posts along the water's edge, in their blue patched coats, waiting for wind and tide. Lace-capped maidens with rosy cheeks and firm strong necks clattered their wooden *schoenen* up

and down the brick pavement, while their mothers, more sedate, were the pictures of simple home content. The men wore wide breeches and big black fur hats, almost like drum-majors', and magenta-coloured shirts.

The clouds were coming together, and an increasing wind caused angry little waves to toss and spatter against the dyke. A few big drops of rain hurried me past the old green-streaked brass bell, useful in fog and storm to mark the harbour, and beyond to the café of fame, which really was the end of my journeyings; for here one could live and paint during the remainder of the summer holiday. A sign in the doorway bore the inscrip-

tion, " Binnen Peintre," which must have been done by a Frenchman, and inside I saw a long, low room. Small tables were ranged down one side, and on the other was a " bar "—not the kind usually faced, but containing, besides the usual villainous bottles and glasses, an assortment of hospitable brass chocolate-urns, sweet cakes, and a mild-mannered girl, with hair to her shoulders and red —very red—cheeks, to serve them. On the sanded floor stood a girl. Her large dark, deep-set eyes under straight heavy brows looked out from a face well browned by a May sun. She wore a sun-bonnet, which harmonised with her simple dress—there

was no mistaking her, for in her hand she carried a partly finished canvas and a wooden paint-box. Back farther in the room were two men at one of the little tables, talking over their glasses : such a charming adjustment of the rough and the gentle here, nothing of the bar-room, but a place equally enjoyable to men and women.

The panelled wall was covered with paintings of noted visitors to this picturesque fishing village, and one saw here oftentimes the artist's happiest moods, for they were all done in appreciation of the cordial treatment extended by the host and his charming daughters.

In this long, low room many happy and restful hours were spent by men and women from all parts, bound together by one great spirit, the love of the beautiful.

The landlord provided me with a large airy room, but I was rather disappointed when he proudly waved his hand to a four-poster, immaculately draped in white muslin, that he did not give me a bed in the wall, as I supposed all Dutch beds to be. But what it lacked in romance it made up for in comfort. Dinner that night was served in a glass enclosure overlooking the Zuyder Zee. Artists came in, singly and in groups, and found their seats beside me. The

wind outside beat great drops of rain against the many window-panes, and an extra vigorous gust swept over the roof very menacingly now and then. The meal began with a stiffened feeling of strangeness on all sides, which slowly wore off by coffee and liqueur time. We smoked long Dutch cigars and strolled into the café and watched the big fine fellows, with their fur caps and loose breeches, play pool over a table with a green baize cover.

A bright sun and a fresh breeze made the dyke a pleasant meeting-place for some of us the following morning, as we stood in a small group watching the fisherfolk in their

long loose patched clothes. Children gathered about us, saying "Teekenen," which translated meant that they would like to pose for us. Our clothes were fully as puzzling to them as theirs were to us, and a boy approached one of us, whose clothes perhaps did fit rather snug, and said very seriously, "How do you get into them?"

Every one seemed to be a symphony as we stood there. When the men removed their big blue patched coats they exposed magenta-coloured shirts —some new, others faded to soft purples and grays, with new patches of bright magenta and other patches of the same colour in different

weather-worn degrees. With partly closed eyes, looking down the broad pathway, magenta was overwhelming. It showed on the red tiles of the tiny houses, on the shirts of the men, it peeped up from the brick pavement, and a soft haze near the horizon scintillated its colours. The blue and black in the girls' costumes and the greenish-blue gables served only to accentuate the colour and made it more pleasing. "Let us call it the 'Magenta Village,'" said the girl in the sun-bonnet. An English painter and his wife echoed her sentiment, and we straightway proceeded to the café to christen our new-found haven.

A picture wherever one looked made this a delightful old village, and between work many a little excursion was made in by-ways and alley-ways. We peered into the neat and well-kept houses and looked longingly at the clothes-lines with their burden of faded colour-softened costumes—and many a fine bargain both for housewife and ourselves was made.

The shoe shop did not display a large gold sign or show any indication outside of its nature, but those of us who wished a pair of wooden *klompen*, and visited the shop for that purpose, soon found that shoes were a minor consideration, and fell to sketching the

interior, continuing our purchasing only as an excuse for our staying. The walls were of wood, painted Indian red. Things partly used and partly saved were strewn here and there. Yellow tarpaulins and blue fishing coats hung from the rafters, and a Delft tiled fireplace with old copper and brass belongings shone in its dark casement. Before this were piled the shoes—all sizes jumbled together, and before I had a pair that "mated" I discovered that it was the customer's pleasure and not the storekeeper's to transact whatever business was done.

Days of work under the tiled and moss-grown roof of the attic studio,

lined with old patched sails, bleached and rotted by sun and water, but breathing stories of the sea; Lypje, with cheeks and neck like rose-leaves on ivory, tall, hoydenish, but good-natured, and her old uncle, whose days for the trawling net and line were over; children, round-eyed and wondering, but mischievous in the end; and newly found friends who always knew of old friends—these made the days short and the mind contented.

One evening, when the wind blew cool and the deep blue of night darkened the heavens, the proprietor's daughters, of which he had three, walked with me to the little cabin

boat I had seen during my first day on the canal. My pack, which was considerably added to by costumes and sketches, was placed upon the

The Captain

roof; and, as the captain tugged at the hawser and the mate pushed with his pole, I made my adieu, and silently, by the light of a solitary

lamp, found my way to a seat in the low-roofed cabin among a group of the villagers. The bumping of the boat signalled her destination in the town, where the waiting train hustled me once more into the ceaseless din and nerve-racking elements of a big city.

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